



## The Praying League. Bringing God into Your Work.

**Prayer Topics.**  
1. Pray for much blessing to attend the Harvest Festival Efforts.  
2. Pray for the new Cadets just entering the Toronto Training College.

**Daily Bible Readings.**  
**SUNDAY, Sept. 21.**—Grateful Proclamation. Kings 4:1-16.  
**MONDAY, Sept. 22.**—It Is Well. 2 Kings 4:18-33.

**TUESDAY, Sept. 23.**—A Little Maiden's Work. 2 Kings 4:34-47.

**WEDNESDAY, Sept. 24.**—The Fever Healed. 2 Kings 5:1-19.

**THURSDAY, Sept. 25.**—Gehazi the Servant. Kings 5:20-27. 6:1-7.

**FRIDAY, Sept. 26.**—Unseen Guardians. 2 Kings 6:8-22.

**SATURDAY, Sept. 27.**—Reporting Good News. 2 Kings 6:24-27; 7:1-11.

## HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(By Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Prayer League Secretary.)

We resume this week our "Heart-to-Heart Talks." We shall (as always) be glad to hear from our Prayer Leaguers, and other readers, of any answers to prayer which have been a special blessing to the Leaguers personally, or to their friends. Requests for prayer for special objects and persons will be cheerfully and prayerfully passed on to our Prayer Circle.

## A Special Feature.

We are this week introducing a special feature in this Department. We have used illustrations in the columns from time to time, and Officers and other readers have been good enough to tell us that they have found the incidents given useful to them.

Therefore, for some weeks we shall give a little story in our Prayer League Notes—the best story we can find in our personal reading and elsewhere.

## The Sailor's Bible.

This week we are indebted to the "Sunday School Times" for the following excellent story, which comes, without comments, its own lesson:

"The heavy responsibility of the missionary as a 'living epistle' is well illustrated by this story from the Gospel Ship of the Baptists, whose parish is the incomparably lovely Inland Sea of Japan. Captain Bickel says that being very ill one night he asked one of his crew, a recent convert, to take a Bible to a certain man."

He replied, saying, "No, no, Captain, he does not need that."

"But why not?"

"Because it is too soon. That is your Bible and that God. It is now mine, but it is not his Bible."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, simply that he has another Bible; you are his Bible; he is watching you. As you fall, Christ falls. As you rise, Christ rises. As you are revealed to him."

"No wonder Captain Bickel adds: 'I did not sleep that night. I knew I had a way of course, but I say, I give life, so Christ lives in that man's soul in that house. In that village, in four hundred villages. God help me!'"

**I Will Be Worthy of It.**

"The world is full of many disappointed people. People who have had ambitions unrealized; loves unrequited; hopes frustrated; joys unattained."

"We touch upon a great question here, of deepest human interest, which we have no space to discuss just now. But we want to pass on."

(Continued on Page 11.)

## HOW A LOCAL OFFICER GAINED A RIGHT VIEW OF HIS DUTIES.

"Look ye out among you of the Holy Ghost, and wisdom, whom ye may appoint over this business."—Acts 6:3.

IN order that I might grapple effectually with a feeling of discouragement that had been slowly but surely gaining ground and clouding my spiritual life, I some time ago gave myself more closely than heretofore to the study of my Bible—that forest in which every man may find a leaf of healing for his wounds. If only he go thither furnished with the lamp of the Spirit.

My difficulty lay in the fact that the work for which I had been chosen, and to which my superior Officer had commissioned me, seemed to cut me off from what is usually termed the spiritual side of Corps work. (It is my portion to serve as tables—by which I mean, to look after the business side of things.) The monotony of the work may have had something to do with the discouragement which led me to look around and compare my position with others of my comrades; but it was on unwise proceeding, as the sequel proved.

## The Tempter.

The devil saw his advantage, and made the most of it. "Look at the Band," he whispered. "They have a share in soul-saving quite out of proportion to your privileges." (The Pensioned-for Sergeant and other Locals also count for something in the war against sin; but you only occupy a corner which any mere mortal might fill with credit. You are not included among those for whom spiritual gifts were designed.")

And so "The accuser of the brethren" jabbered on, until I lost up columns of figures and did what I might to discharge with faithfulness the somewhat prosaic duties of my position.

Then, as I have already said, I turned to my Bible for comfort, and in less time than it takes to write it, I found myself standing in what the Psalmist calls "a large place"—a place where I found not only room to move, but room to breathe and reason for joy. From my Bible and one or two books bearing upon the experiences of the early Christians, I gathered facts in quite a new light. I will name them in the order that they occurred to me.

## Sharing Responsibilities.

1. The early Church had not long been instituted before the Apostles became aware that without a business side to the new society, the Church would be of very little practical use to the world, and it was in response to this discovery, and to meet a pressing emergency, that the Apostles gave utterance to the words at the head of this article.

The Apostles, like their successors, had given themselves to the preaching of the Gospel, and, being human, could not be in two places at once, or rightly discharge the duties connected with the House of God.

Wherefore, they conceived the idea of appointing deacons, or Local Officers, to share with them the responsibilities of the office. As the chosen, not moralists merely, as the accuser of the brethren had suggested to me, but men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom.

On reading these words, I naturally asked myself whether any duty could be rightly considered unimportant if it demanded the qualifications as were laid down by the Apostles? Honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom. And this question suggested another, if I, as a Local Officer, had been living up to the measure of my privileges, opening my mind and heart to the cleansing and uplifting influences of the Holy Spirit, and claiming that wisdom from God which is promised to all who ask in faith, would not the commonest duties of my work have become so transfigured that comparison between what are called spiritual and what are called commercial or business occupations, would have been impossible, as well as the discouragement from which I had been suffering?

## Earth-born Partitions.

2. If the Local Officers chosen by the disciples, and appointed by the Apostles, were able to live up to the high standard referred to whilst their heads and hands were occupied in looking after the money affairs of the Church, why might not I do the same? One of two courses was open to me—either I must live up to God as to be able to stand over and beyond the miserable earth-born partitions which divide the spiritual from the so-called secular, or fall lamentably below my privileges. That there was a terrible possibility of turning the position of a deacon into a curse seems to have been present to the Apostle's mind when he wrote to Timothy, the first Bishop of Ephesus, concerning the qualifications necessary to the office of Local Officer, "Likewise must the deacons be grave, not double-tongued or greedy of filthy lucre."

**In the Right Spirit.**

3. Was it not from the ranks of the first deacons, or Local Officers, that the Church drew her first martyrs? Stephen, "a man full of faith and power," not only did great wonders and miracles among the people, but was accounted worthy to send his faith with his blood.

"No!" I said to myself, often reading and pondering over the life of this good man, "there is nothing in my office the cause of Christ can enjoin which may not become a stumbling block to the unworthy and be formed in the spirit which outwitted Stephen! It is the altar which sanctifies the gift, and not the gift which sanctifies the altar. Stephen and Judas Iscariot both held office in the business side of God's House. The one opened his mind and heart to the transforming and uplifting influences of the Holy Spirit, the other built in his heart an altar to the god of Greed, and the sequel in either case was characteristic: Stephen brought to his task the wisdom that cometh down from above; Judas used his office as an opportunity for self-seeking, and the result was that he became a traitor and a murderer."

Remembering on these things, I was led to take back my appointment as though freshly bestowed upon me by Christ Himself, resolved never again to call anything common or unclean that has to do with the service of God.

## For Me!

(From the British War Cry, No. 8, 1886.)

First He loved me,  
Stooped to win me;  
Went and suffered and died,  
Stricken, smitten, slain for me.

Then He sought me,  
Found and brought me,  
Out of darkness into light,  
Brightness of His face on me.

Now He keeps me,  
Guards and cheers me;  
In the day time, and the night,  
Ever abiding near to me.

Can you wonder  
That I ponder  
On the glorious, meritorious  
Sacrifice He made for me?

W. Bramwell Lewis.

## THIEF RETURNS LAST

Condemned by Salvation's Law in Open-air.

Receding out with moving steps to the haunch that had fallen from its perch, the thief looked back at the crowd of onlookers, and saw a woman, a girl, and a man, all looking at him with interest.

Half an hour later the same man stood at the street corner listening to the songs and sermons of the Salvation Army band.

The night previous to his conversion he had been a thief, and a bad one at that. He had been in the habit of robbing the poor, and the rich, and the Salvation Army band.

Two feet away a man, leaning his fingers over a small, worn, and rusty metal box, was looking at him with interest.

Then one of the Salvationists, looking at the thief, and seeing that he was a thief, and a bad one at that, he spoke to him, and he listened.

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## RELIEVING THE DISTRESS OF WEST INDIAN COMRADES—REBUILDING RUINED HALLS AND HOUSES—WITH JAMAICA'S DIVISIONAL OFFICER ON TOUR.

BEING invited by Brigadier Souter, the Divisional Commander for Jamaica, to accompany him through a part of his Division, I gladly accepted the offer, and met him at Williamsfield, about fifty miles from Kingston, the Divisional, as well as the Territorial, centre.

We were soon travelling in the Divisional buggy, drawn by a pair of beautiful horses, to Spaulding, situated in the hills.

The Drum as Clock.

Our open-air meeting on the Saturday night was attended by fully two hundred people. It is not often that they get visitors, especially the "Buckra" (the white men) from Kingston, and they pressed us to stay for Sunday's holiness meeting.

We did so. An hour before the time to start some comrades began to beat the drums, the sound echoing away over the hills. The people have no clock, so they depend upon the drum to know when it is time for meeting.

This fall, I may say, has been erected by the personal efforts of the comrades, and it is a great credit to them.

The Sergeant-Major has been a Salvationist for over twenty years. His son, who had the vision for us, was dedicated to God and the Army by Lieut. Colonel Cooke, twenty years ago.

On reaching Caledonia we began to see the effects of the hurricane, which devastated the western part of the island last November. At great pains below us as we made our way down the side of the mountain from two thousand feet above the sea level.

For nearly a year previous to last November no rain had fallen at St. Elizabeth, and as the people depend chiefly upon the rain for their water supply, it is easy to imagine how they suffered. Following the drought came the hurricane, which destroyed the houses, so that they are in a sad plight. A few months ago

purchased a quantity of dress materials and groceries to send back to the sufferers in the districts through which we had passed. The way The Salvation Army are looking after their people is most favourably commended upon by the people around.

**Booth of Coconut Palms.**

A busy afternoon and evening was spent here in giving relief; and early next morning, after conducting a prayer meeting, we went on to Bluefields. The Army has been established here for twenty-five years, and it is good to see so many old warriors still toiling away. Our Hall has been destroyed by the hurricane, but the comrades, with the aid of Headquarters, are erecting a new and better building. In the meantime, meetings are held in a booth of coconut palms. We arrived just in time for the holiness meeting.

In the afternoon, we saddled our horses, and went to Cave Mountain, an Outpost, about four miles away. Our Hall here has also been destroyed. A new building is in course of construction. We held our meeting in the open-air. All around us were evidences of the devastation caused by the hurricane—hundreds of huge trees lying flat on the earth, and the little places in ruins—yet amidst it all the people are trying to keep a brave heart.

It was quite dark when our meeting finished, and lamps had to be

there was a little rain, and the people began to hope that all would be well. They put in a crop of Indian corn, but, alas! the rain has not continued, and everywhere it was sad to see the corn withered. It was with heavy hearts that we went about trying to cheer the people, and encouraging their needs.

A large number have left the district; those who have been unable to get away have been hoping against hope for better days, until now they do not know what to do. We were, I am glad to say, able to render assistance to our own people.

**Provisions for the Poor.**

Colonel Rothwell also sent down a supply of groceries, which were given out to the poor in return for labour in repairing the Hall.

At Burn Savannah, a few mothers were waiting for the Brigadier to dedicate their little ones. The Hall here is the work of one comrade, the Sergeant in charge, and redeems great credit on his devotion. The building was perfect, and as the sides are

At the Top of the Hill.

At Mrs. Day, near the Society, our billet was on the summit of a steep hill. How we got up, I hardly know, but the Brigadier is quite an adept at driving the horses up almost inaccessible places. I held on tightly until we arrived. There is no Hall here, so an open-air meeting was held.

Nearly three hundred and fifty people gathered around, and lamps were kindly lent by one of the storekeepers.

The Brigadier announced a "walk-up" contest, i.e., instead of the people throwing their money into the fire, they "walk up" and show their offering on the drum. In a few minutes the brought on

DO YOU HAVE FAMILY PRAYERS?

Experiences Wanted for "The War Cry."

Many "War Cry" readers have helpful things to say concerning their own family prayers, and we would like to have them write to us, so that we can publish them.

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## In the Track of the Hurricane.

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not yet filled in, a large number were able to stand around.

Next day we pushed on to Collingwood, a lovely little place by the sea. On the way we stopped at a small town called Black River, where we

called for to guide us down the steep pathway.

We were up early, to find that already many poor comrades had come to tell us of their sorrow and loss. It was well on into the afternoon before we got through, and then it was time to leave for another spot on the mountain, where an open-air meeting was to be held.

The hill was too steep for us to take our horses, so we had to do it on "shanks' pony." It was a stiff climb, for an hour and a half we went on and upward until we reached the top. There was only one house in sight, but when the drums were beating we could see the people coming in all directions, over the mountain, and soon from a hundred and fifty to two hundred were there. Dotted With Lights.

It was interesting to see them, as soon as the service ended, light their little tin lamps, and go off in ones and twos in different directions, and as we watched them for the little time, the whole mountainside was dotted with lights, and the air was sounding with their songs of Salvation.

The next few days, we passed through beautiful scenery, and visited several Outposts, but the rain spoilt any chance of having large meetings. A number of mothers brought their children to be dedicated. At Lemington the Sergeant in charge informed us that in addition to dedications, several couples desired the Brigadier to marry them.

At Haddo, as far as the writer was concerned, the tour came to an end, and I returned to Kingston by train. For three weeks longer the Brigadier continued his tour, conducting meetings, relieving distress, dedicating little children, conducting weddings, and getting the people saved and blessed.—Ethebert E. Grimes, Adjutant.

**COUNSELS OF CHIEF.**

"He of good cheer."—John xvi. 33.

"The joy of the Lord is your strength."—Nehemiah viii. 40.

"Thou hast grieved me with gladness."—Psalm xxxi. 11.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."—Proverbs xvii. 22.

"I light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."—Psalm cxviii. 11.

"Rejoice with them that do rejoice."—Romans xii. 15.

"O waltz, waltz, waltz, away with a brave heart."—Proverbs xv. 1.

"My mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips."—Psalm lxxi. 5.

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## Despatches Direct From The Field

## Ottawa I.

The Camp meetings to be held while the Citadel is undergoing renovation, were begun on Saturday evening, August 30th, says D. M. The gathering on this occasion, and also on the following Sunday and Monday nights, was exceptionally large. The Rev. Mr. Oliver, of Gananoque, who was in Ottawa for a week-end visit, gave a powerful address, which made everybody realize the beauty of faithfully serving the Master. He also spoke on Sunday evening, when two souls knelt at the Penitential-form, and found salvation.

All were deeply touched by the tender and inspiring appeal of Staff-Captain Goodwin at the close of the prayer meeting. She made an effective reference to the time when she was first stationed here, some fifteen years ago. With a sense of personal weakness, she had set forth Christ as the adorable Master, and with simple directness, which compelled belief, she professed her increasing love for the Redeemer.

The Band daily becomes more efficient under the leadership of Bandmaster Harris. Officers and comrades are showing special solicitude for strangers at the meetings. Unless they daily off the moment the benediction is pronounced, they do not, except the glad-hand and friendly interview of some of the workers.

We are working for, and expecting, large things in this part of the Master's vineyard, especially among the large number of young people who attend the Junior and other meetings.

## Leamington, Ont.

Our Chancellor, Adjutant Smith, conducted a very successful four-day campaign with us. His meetings, both outside and in the Hall, were made very attractive and interesting by his music and singing.

An enrollment of two recruits was a special feature of the Sunday night's service, making a total of seven new Soldiers in the last few weeks.

After a stirring address, two souls sought salvation.

Ensign Pickle, who is home on furlough, gave a short address.

We saw and heard much about Newfoundland on the Monday night, through the Adjutant's interesting lecture, "The Wonders and Workers of Newfoundland." Crowds and finances were good. Captain C. A. Clark is leading on.

## Hamilton, IL.

Sunday, August 31st, we were visited by our Divisional Commanders, Brigadier and Mrs. Adby. The meetings were well attended, and resulted in three surrenders, two for Salvation, and one for a clean heart.

In the afternoon meeting, four comrades were enrolled under the Colours.

The Corps, with Captain Mortimore and Cadet Johnson leading on, is in a healthy condition, and making rapid progress.

## Cornwall.

We have welcomed our new Officers, Captain Hillyer and Lieutenant Anger, says C. C. F. and can report a glorious week-end, ten souls seeking salvation.

## Swift Current, Sask.

On Sunday, August 24th, although the attendances were not large, the presence of God was much felt in our meetings, says G. J.

In the morning, before the opening, we paid a visit to the local prison, where the congregation was very poor—two prisoners! But—one of the two got saved.

In the Holiness meeting, a young man volunteered out and got saved. He came to our Hall especially to get right. In the Free-and-Easy meeting, another prodigal came home.

At night God's spirit fell like the tender dew. His children were blessed, and sinners were brought under conviction. One soul sought the Saviour, and two asked for prayer. The converts are doing well; some of them come to the open-air. One has already begun to wear uniform. He was anxious to wear it, just as soon as he was sanctified.

## Calgary I.

In spite of torrid heat, the crowds still flock to our Citadel, says M. Jackson. On Sunday, August 31st, the meetings were rich in blessings. At night, the Singers, Male Quartette, and Band gave some very appropriate selections. Sergeant-Major Proctor spoke briefly, and Adjutant Howell took for his subject, "The Open Door." Three persons volunteered to the Mercy Seat, and got beautifully saved, making eight souls for the week.

## Sudbury.

On a recent Monday, a well-dressed gentleman came and knelt at the Drum-head in sight of nearly two hundred people standing around. This was the sixth at the Drum-head during the last few weeks.

On Sunday afternoon, a man followed us from the open-air meeting, and during the prayer meeting gave himself to God. While at the Penitential-form he took a large bottle of whiskey from his pocket, and handed it to the Officer, Captain Hancock, saying that he would, by God's help, never touch liquor again.

We had a record open-air on Sunday night, twelve being on the march. At the indoor meeting, two souls came forward during the prayer meeting, and after the meeting had closed, a young man came back to the Hall, and asked if God could really save him. The Captain talked and prayed with him, and he eventually found God.

We are hoping soon to increase our Soldiers' Roll, with some Recruits, who are daily proving their devotion to God and The Army.

## Prince Albert.

On Sunday evening, August 31st, the people were much impressed by Ensign Andrew's address on the Prodigal Son (says Sister Hayward). Four fine-looking young men came forward and found Jesus. Three were wearing the King's uniform, and all four testified to have really found salvation. A Junior also got saved.

## Chances For You.

## AN APPEAL TO "SISTERS AT EASE."

First God would send in her girl-heart; He gave her a tender sister-love for all her kind!

He called her to Himself that He might save her, bidding her cast cold selfishness behind.

Then spoke His voice: "The fields to harvest white; The Love-enlightened labourers are few."

Go! share the toil; your comrades' burdens lighten; See, at the point what chances wait for you!

She was not disobedient to the Vision; Worth to the Harvest Field with-out delay.

She listened, and her Love-compacted decision; In bearing priceless fruit from day to day.

When at the Harvest Home, earth's treasures were complete; She lays at Jesus' feet what she has won.

By sweetest music will her ears be greeted; In the dear Master's thrilling words: "Well done!"

'Tis true that she who goeth forth in weeping; Scattereth precious seeds of Life.

Oh, yes, and so, the work with gladness hastening; Let your hands full of sheaves at last be found.

—R. T.

Today she toils, behind the Home doors hidden; Her field is there: God's presence makes her wise.

Holding those back who long for help; In the Father's fold, who long for help.

With words of Love her sheaves to gather binding; These human sheaves, the girls and women dear—

Teaching the slow, forgetful ones; Helping the falter to persevere—

Onward she goes, her own tears never ceasing; And heeding not her weariness or pain.

Hard tasks accepting, obstacles surmounting; Using for others hands and heart and brain.

Life's little day declines, and she is praying; The Lord of Harvest—urgent is her need—

More labourers to send without delay; Oh, who will be her helper, who will heed?

Sisters at ease, your golden hours are waiting; The cry of "Harvest Home" will soon resound.

There, yes, and so, the work with gladness hastening; Let your hands full of sheaves at last be found.

—R. T.

## Midland.

During the summer months, D. W. G. we have had a very busy Sunday afternoon. Little Lake Park, where we hold our open-air meetings, was very much crowded on the night meeting and to God.

Our Officers have been very busy for the last two weeks, in places being very busy. Sergeant Hutton, who is in the Toronto, who during the night meeting, were a blessing to the people.

On Sunday, August 31st, the meetings were powerful. The Fellowship of Christians, and the attitude toward the work, dress that will be remembered. During the stay of the night, four persons sought salvation, a clean heart, and two were converted. Gifted as speakers and speakers, we believe the Spirit have done much for the Master.

## Windsor I.

Brigadier Greenwood, of the County, had charge of the meetings on Saturday and Sunday, August 30th and 31st, and was very successful.

The graphic and intense meeting account of the last night's only days in The Army, had a Captain of Household Cavalry, and as prisoner of the War, Wandsworth goal, was taken by a crowded Hall. He should be an interesting Soldiers to do and few soldiers through the power of God.

In the evening meeting, a man in the open-air, during the night, the message. One soul was saved, and he became a Soldier.

In the absence of our Senior Band, the Junior Band rendered efficient service at the meetings. Ensign and Mrs. Smith are doing well.

## St. Mary's.

Brigadier Canada, Captain Howell, and Captain Grey, of the Training College, were in St. Mary's on August 30th, 31st, and 1st Sept.

A number of persons were saved, and a number of persons were saved, and a number of persons were saved.

The Brigadier's Sunday night meeting with the Junior Band, and Monday night, the Junior Band, and Monday night, the Junior Band.

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## Sudbury, Ont.

During the last few weeks, a number of souls have been saved, and a number of persons were saved, and a number of persons were saved.

The Brigadier's Sunday night meeting with the Junior Band, and Monday night, the Junior Band, and Monday night, the Junior Band.

Sept. 20, 1913.

## A VOICE AND AN APPEAL.

(Continued from Page 9.)

phased what he had said on that happy occasion. "He was a good man, a thorough man. We all thought he had a future, and we dare not look upon his career as ended." The Colonel also mentioned the appropriate fact that he himself was converted by the open grave of a young Salvationist.

"You cannot argue with love or grief," said the Commissioner (turning to the pathetic figure of Mrs. Watkinson, who was supported by her father), "and the greater the love the greater the grief."

Having previously mentioned some brief facts of Captain Watkinson's career, he went on to characterize him as having been good, kind, and faithful.

He was most anxious to develop spiritually, and he was developing. As to his kindness, while at Peterboro, it had been his joy to sing and

THE WAR CRY

## Circulation Increases.

We are glad to be able to report further circulation increases this week. They are as follows:—  
Ottawa 11; (Captain and Mrs. Turner, 50.  
Parliament Street, Toronto, Adjutant Chaplin and Lieutenant Crowell, 50.  
Springhill (Captain and Mrs. Nicholson), 25.  
Shelburne (Captain Hardy and Lieutenant Chambers), 10.  
Rhodes Avenue, Toronto (Captain and Mrs. Wilson), 10.  
A total of 145 copies, although it should be explained that Parliament Street's increase is for a few weeks only.

In connection with the present "War Cry" Circulation Scheme, a number of Corps have done splendidly, and we intend to give some particulars in a later issue; but we are rather surprised that recent increases do not represent the Field more widely.

## BAND ON TOUR.

(Continued from Page 8.)

her gift) comes to hand. The Adjutant says:—  
"Twenty-four souls came forward last night, making a total of eighty-seven souls for Jesus."

"The place is moved by the wonderful outpouring of God's Spirit upon us, and the whole community has been won for The Army."

## THE PRAYING LEAGUE.

(Continued from Page 2.)

the following little poem, with its sweet, uplifting thought, for all disappointed hearts:—

I may not reach the heights I seek,  
My united strength may fail,  
Or, half-way up the mountain peak  
Pierce tempests may assail.  
But though that place I never gain

## AS THE WORLD GOES BY.

(Continued from Page 5.)

"God is His own interpreter.  
And He will make it plain."  
Although we may have to wait  
for the complete unveiling of the mystery, "Sometime" we'll understand. But where we cannot yet understand, we can still love and trust the Eternal Goodness. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Of one thing we are certain: these sudden and unexpected "removals" should shock our dreamy senses into a more vivid realization of human frailty. We, too, must soon pass this way. And what are we doing with the great gift of life?

And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: surely the people is grass."

From among the flood of letters that is let loose upon the newspapers during the holiday season one now and again picks out something that is well worth the saying.

Here, for instance, are some pointed paragraphs from a letter one even that hackneyed subject, the decline of the churches:—

"Touting for popularity is a totally different thing from holiness, which makes its appeal to the common people by being painfully worthier than they, and not by yielding on their instructions."

"The churches have no oil in their lamps precisely because they have consulted the ways of men rather than the ways of Christ; and have forfeited the confidence of the masses because they have become the multiplicity of the classes."

There, at any rate, is wisdom which we should all take to heart.

## The Harvest Sure.

"We are sowing, ever sowing. Something good or something ill in the lives of those around us. (We are sowing what we will). Not a word we say falls fruitless. Not a deed we do decays."

But the record of their being. Shall be found in future days. Till the hand perhaps that did these. Shall have ceased to be. Still the record of their being. Shall live on eternally."

One does not now hear much of the "Too old at forty" champions. In contrast to this dictum, we are told that "the limit of a man's ability is how far he can develop after the age of fifty." And again, "Certain changes occur in a man's constitution between forty and fifty-five which have a marked effect upon his outlook."

An eminent brain specialist is of opinion, however, that "far more people come to grief through giving up the brain too little to do than through giving up the brain too much."

"Thinking never hurts a man's brain—the more of it the better—and the great thing is to give the brain enough to do."

"See what often happens when a man retires from his business (People profess!) He slowly breaks down and goes to the hospital. Not because he is getting old, or weary. On his brain has been overworked, and his past, but simply because his brain has not been given enough to do. His brain has one real interest. The thing to keep his brain in."

The Commissioner for the Salvationists has got for thinking machine.

## Canada's Fruit Harvest—Sorting Apples in an Ontario Orchard.

"I have fared to-night, and go to Antioch, then on to Andover for Saturday and Sunday."

In a communication received just as we go to press, the Adjutant says:—  
"We had our final meeting last night (Sept. 4th) at Plaster Rock, and had a remarkable time."

In the afternoon we had a meeting in the Baptist Church, for Christians, and a number came out for conversion."

The W. O. D. F. Hall, last night, was filled to overflowing. We closed at 10:45 p.m., with great rejoicing. The total for the campaign is one hundred and six souls, the majority being young people."

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

In which note of praise, we most heartily join, and trust that our comrades, Adjutant Meeks, will be able to send us more news regarding this marvellous rise of God's presence and power.—E.J.

(Plaster Rock is eighty-seven miles north of Woodstock, N. B., and is a terminal of the C. P. R. The town is a factory situated on the Tobique River, is the scene of a large lumber business. The Fraser Lumber Co. has any cut 50,000 feet of very working day.)

Herein lies comfort for my pain,  
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success  
Despite my earnest labors;  
I may not grasp results that bless  
The efforts of my neighbour.  
But though life's dearest joy I miss  
This thought shall always dwell with me.

I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of love's light  
May never fall on my way;  
My path may always lead through  
night.

Like some deserted by-way,  
But though life's dearest joy I miss  
There lies a nameless strength in this.

I will be worthy of it.

## Newmarket, Ont.

On Sunday, August 31st, says G. T., we had with Brother and Sister Climpson from Uxbridge, also Sister Fair from Rhodes Avenue, Toronto.

Our visitors were a splendid help in the open-air and indoor meetings. Bro. and Sis. Climpson had charge of the night meeting. Sister Fair, who is a splendid singer, sang several Salvation songs. At the close of the night's meeting, a Junior came to the Mercy Seat.



## Summoned Home.

**CAPTAIN THOMAS WATKINSON DIES IN TRIUMPH—ONLY TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS OF AGE.**

hand which he had been holding all the time, his body stiffened, and his spirit fled to God who gave it.

In his long fight with the last enemy he had lost; had been forced to lay down the sword at the time when he most desired to wield it;



Captain Watkinson.

to bid farewell to mortality, when, for his beloved young wife's sake, and for the Kingdom's sake, he most desired to live. And yet we carry this that death is swallowed up in victory: the Captain's sanctified life, his holy ambitions, and his unbroken testimony, all go to prove that though he did not desire death, yet he did not fear it. He was ready to meet his God.

### THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

Only one short year ago Captain Thomas Watkinson stood on the Temple platform (Toronto) a young man in the full bloom of health, and he was so delighted. Calling on Staff-Captain McAmmond and brother Stevenson (a close friend of the family), the three prayed, and the Captain responded to each petition, and prayed twice himself.

Shortly after, the Commissioner called and prayed with the Captain.

At about ten p.m. the doctor told him that if he could hold on till five next morning, the three days had the up. "Good," said the Captain. "I'll last out that long."

Every now and then through the night he would ask what time it was, and as the hour of five drew near and nearer, he expressed his satisfaction.

"Only another hour now, Tom," said the doctor. "The clock strikes five. He was very feeble, but he made an attempt to clap his hands. "Do you want me to sing?" asked the doctor. "Yes," he replied, breathing by the bedside softly. "Jesus knows all about struggles."

He tried to join in and raised his hands. Heaven was taken of confidence in God. He was taken slowly away, and by the bedside looked for some sign of life. But at the City Hall he struck like a tremor Captain's frame. He had time the doctor had said he hoped for a recovery. Two—three—the last stroke released his wife's

ed his marriage vows, while his grief-stricken young wife, supported by her father, walked slowly up the aisle to take part in his funeral service, the solemn strains of the Dead March in Sand, played by the Staff Band, echoing through the building men's lives.

It was pathetic in the extreme to see that white-haired father, so recently and so suddenly the death of a beloved daughter, now seeking to comfort and console the weeping young woman, who, with bowed

head, leaned heavily on his arm. The audience, which filled the Temple, was silent and awe-stricken in the presence of death, and of such human sorrow, and many suppressed sobs attested the fact that they had entered into that mysterious bond of sympathy with the afflicted, which makes the whole world kin.

The voice of the Commissioner broke the tension, as he prayed fervently for the bereaved. "What a Friend we have in Jesus," the words of the old song were given out by the Chief Secretary. It was the song especially desired by Mrs. Watkinson, and was sung with deep feeling. Major Creighton and Mrs. Major Finlayson, and Lieutenant Colonel Turner joined out a song which had been a great favourite of the late Captain's, "I have a home that is fairer than day."

Depend on Me.

A Scripture portion was read by Colonel Gaskin. It spoke of life immortal beyond the grave, and of joyous re-union in the Better Land. Brigadier Taylor, under whom the Captain had served at the Training College, spoke of his upright life and the blessing he had been to both Staff and Cadets during his terms as side-officer at the College. He well remembered how the Captain had come to him on receiving his appointment and saying, "Brigadier, you can depend on me to do my best for you and The Salvation Army."

He had been true to his word. "The Captain was a good man," continued the Brigadier, "a man of strong religious convictions, and later he was in his right place, as an Officer of The Salvation Army."

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Chandler, whose unrelenting kindness has been a great comfort to Colonel and Mrs. Rees, spoke of the Captain's last days. He was very disappointed at having to lie sick in bed, as he had been looking forward to the sending of some poor old ladies to the Fresh Air Camp, and had planned on making their stay on happy and beneficial to them as he could. Mrs.

Chandler told him he must look up and trust in God. "Yes," he replied, "I must trust. If it wasn't for the grace I receive from Him I couldn't bear it."

He retained hope almost to the last, but when he felt that he was sinking he said, "God has not forsaken me now; He gives me dying grace."

Very appropriate was the solo by Staff-Captain Arnold, "Face to face with Christ, my Saviour."

The Commissioner, picking up the

late Captain's Bible, which lay in the casket, read a cutting from Copper Cliff "Courier," which had been pasted inside the cover. It was as follows:—

"Mr. Thomas Watkinson, of this town, left on Tuesday for Toronto where he will take a course at the Salvation Army Training College, to fit him for his future occupation in life—that of winning souls for the Master. We have had our eye on this young man for the past year, and can say without the slightest hesitation that he deserves the greatest praise for his steadfastness in sticking to those great ideals which constitute the only right mode of living. May he stand steadfast to his principles until the last roll call."

With some comforting words to the bereaved relatives, and a tribute to his sanctified life, the Commissioner concluded. Brigadier Taylor closed with prayer.

His Career. Another brief service was conducted by the Commissioner at the graveyard of Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Colonel Gaskin and Adjutant Honagan taking part.

Captain Watkinson was only twenty-seven years of age. He was commended to the Staff-Sergeant, Colonel Gaskin, and Adjutant Honagan taking part. Captain Watkinson was only twenty-seven years of age. He was commended to the Staff-Sergeant, Colonel Gaskin, and Adjutant Honagan taking part.

Appointed one more to Field work he commanded the 1st Battalion, 1st Division, and was then recalled to his old position in the College.

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## CAMPAGNING IN NATAL.

Army Meeting on Historic Ground. Commissioner Edie, recently, toured Natal, and one of the places he visited was Blue Bell Farm, near Colenso. This farm abuts on the Tugela River (writes Lieut.-Colonel Smith, the Native Secretary).

The owner has gifted to The Army twenty acres for its Missionary Work. This land runs on to the river. On the other side (the north) frame the range of mountains which the British, under General Buller, tried to pierce. "Away in the distance rises Spion Kop, while over to the right is Colenso Station, where Lord Roberts' son lost his life. On the farm itself a minor battle was fought."

On this historic ground The Army has built a "Quarters," which does service for a Hall; pending our building the same. Captain and Mrs. Matinija are the Officers in charge. The former is a brother of Adjutant Mambo Matinija, our Zulu Officer who has been to England. This young Officer has done good work, and the Corps we saw is a creditable one. His latest development is to take up building. He has put up a room with stone walls which does him credit. I remember him running about the hills of Zululand a raw heathen boy. He is one of our early converts, and has been a joy to us.

There was a good deal of enthusiasm in the meeting. To begin with, the people were very glad to see their Leader, Commissioner Edie. The Zulus are a race who respect those in authority, and the top leader is a great "Inkosi" (Chief) in their eyes. Then the happy, hearty singing of The Army attracts and stirs the emotions of these fine people. They throw themselves into the meeting with alacrity. The Commissioner's words were listened to with earnest respect. The dark eyes turned toward him while he addressed them, showed intelligence and thought.

We soon had the joy of seeing the first one come, then others followed, till we had a goodly number for fire for cleansing. What a result! It was well worth the weary miles travelled to gain it.

## ANTI-DRINK MEETING.

At a recent meeting convened by the "No License" Executive, and held in the Wellington (New Zealand) Town Hall, Commissioner Richards was one of the principal speakers.

In the course of his address, which was heartily applauded, the Commissioner said he came forward not as a politician, but as a man who was on the side of humanity and against drink. The Salvation Army, from the General, down to the youngest convert, was against the drink traffic. "Down with the drink and up with the man" was their sentiment.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS. Lieut.-Colonel de Groot, who recently visited Batavia, interviewed several leading Governmental officials, conducted a number of stirring open-air, visited the Military Home and Chinese Camps, swore in six Soldiers, including Ambonese and Chinese, and saw four souls at the Penitentiary.

Each of the six Candidates from The Army's Maternity Hospital in South Africa who recently sat for the Colonial Medical Officers' Examination, was awarded a certificate.

## The General's Campaign.

**VISITS OUTLYING YORKSHIRE CORPS—CONDUCTS WEEK-NIGHT SERVICES IN LONDON, AND "SPIRITUAL DAY" AT CLAPTON CONGRESS HALL.**

FOLLOWING his Sunday meetings at Barnsley, The General, in response to urgent requests, visited Gainsborough, Market Rasen, Southorpe, and Briggs.

While this was in no sense a motor tour, it was only possible for The General to visit all the places named in one day by using a car, and even then, owing to the distances across country, there was no time to spare between the meetings. But the day was a distinct success.

Near Market Rasen lives a patriarchal preacher, James Bird Fowler by name. Now in his ninetieth year, he was contemporary with our promoted Founder, and on intimate terms with him. Hearing that The General was coming to Market Rasen, Mr. Fowler caused an invitation to be forwarded begging The General to turn aside awhile and speak with him. This The General very gladly did.

Among other interesting reminiscences talked over was the occasion on which the late General and Mrs. Booth spent the first Sunday after their marriage at Caistor. Mr. Fowler being the preacher there. The honeymoon was not allowed to lessen the bridegroom's eagerness for service. Mr. Fowler bears ready testimony to the zeal with which the young General took a portion of the service that day.

On Wednesday and Thursday, The General led crowded meetings at Raving and Wainford. As a result of the two campaigns, fifty souls surrendered to God.

A Spiritual Day with the Cadets at Clapton occupied our Leader on Sunday, when scores of young men and women, moved by the Holy Spirit, stepped into new experiences of love and power.

The influence of such days has spread to the ends of the earth, for men have gone forth from them—filled with the Spirit—to almost every land, and where flies our Flag to-day.

## Mrs. Booth in Belgium.

Belgium's Field Day at Marchiennes was conducted this year by Mrs. Booth, assisted by Colonel Dauff and Colonel Farnborough. "For courage, influence, and results, this series of meetings has been the finest ever held in Belgium," says Colonel Farnborough.

A number of Juniors shouted a joyous welcome to Mrs. Booth on her arrival at the station. Mrs. Booth then reviewed the Soldiers. It was an affecting sight—the long cobble street and the procession, headed by the Flags of several Corps, and then, following the uniformed Bandmen, the minor-Soldiers and women trundling their babies in perambulators, and again the shrillest Juniors. Mrs. Booth realized, she told them afterwards, a little of what that uniformed and transformed—the result of the toil and tears in the early

days of fighting in that black, dark country.

Perhaps the most wonderful event was the night open-air in the Rue de Mons. Mrs. Booth herself joined in the march, where a vast crowd awaited her. No less than six chairs were loaned by eager hands, forming hot rocking pedestals on the hard cobbles for the speakers.

The next faces of the Salvationists, the great crowd breathless, pressing to hear "La Generale" on her uncertain platform held in place by Officers' hands, as she spoke now in French, and then with a translation, the vivid colouring of the group of flags, and the soft glow of the evening sky had great pictorial value.

Officers and Soldiers rejoiced over a victory for the day of thirty-two for conversion and forty-eight for consoling, making the glorious total of eighty seekers—the largest number ever known in Belgium.

From his week-end campaign at Hamilton 11, Brigadier Taylor has brought away the best of impressions as to the progress of the Corps. There was some splendid open-air

fighting, both on Saturday and Sunday—the majority of the Soldiers being present, and there were excellent attendances at the meetings in the Hall.



Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Spooner, of India. (See Page 14.)

## BOY SCOUTS NOT SOLDIERS.

(Continued from Page 5.) every other Scout. 5. A Scout is courteous. 6. A Scout is a friend to animals. 7. A Scout obeys orders. 8. A Scout smiles and whistles under all circumstances. 9. A Scout is thrifty. 10. A Scout is pure in thought, word, and deed.

These ideals are worked out in numerous practical ways. For instance, we read of a Scout who lost his life in trying to save a school from drowning; of one who stopped a pair of runaway horses; of one who saved a child from being run over by a train; of one who prevented an engineer from being dragged by his clothing into some machinery; of a troop of Scouts who acted as life-savers at a fire; and of a Scout who, during the recent rebellion, worked at a barracks rendering first aid to the injured.

Bad language, cigarette-smoking, drinking, and impurity are evils that Scouts are solemnly warned against. The boys are taught in all these matters which, as civilization advances, will have the sanction of the moral code—to rise early, to be clean, to be honest, to be thrifty, to refrain from over-eating, to refrain from taking unnecessary medicines, to walk and act correctly, to care for the teeth and nails, to exercise the body.

On this last point, Sir Robert Baden-Powell recommends that prayer be mingled with the gymnastics, that instead of counting the swing of the arms, a little musing petition to God be associated with each movement, that the act of bending down and then reaching backwards be accompanied by the prayer, "I am Yours from top to toe."

The Chief's words to the Scouts on this subject of religion lock an thing in soldierly sincerity. "In doing your duty to God," he says, "always be grateful to Him. Whenever you enjoy an pleasure or a good game, thank Him for it, just as you say grace after a meal."

If these noble ideals are preserved, the Boy Scout Movement may render valuable service to humanity, and it is "up to the Canadian people" to see that it is kept free from the spirit of militarism.

In this connection it must be mentioned that The Salvation Army has started a movement within its ranks, known as the "Life-Saving Scouts."

This is quite a new thing, and unlike every other Scout Movement at present known. The strain is different, the pledge is not the same, and though plenty of healthy food good exercise are allowed there is no playing at soldiers. The physical, moral, mental, and spiritual well-being of the boys is the object aimed at, and the training of them to be of real service to the world. The first troop of these Scouts, as we recently reported, was formed in London, Eng., and was inspected by The General at a great demonstration in the Clapton Congress Hall. It is likely that the movement will soon spread to all countries where The Army Flag flies. God bless the Life-Saving Scouts.

Sydney Mines.

Brigadier Hargrave and Adjutant Byers have recently visited the interests of the Young People. They conducted two helpful meetings.

The Corps is gaining converts. One band is over twenty strong, and the men are playing some of the latest music. The Young People's Work is in a healthy condition.





